Heraclitus Ridens:

AT

A Dialogue between Jeſt and Earneſt, concerning the Times.

Tueſday, Febzuary the 15th. 1681.

Jeſt Singing.

OH the Presbyterian Whiggs
That taught us firſt theſe Scottiſh *Jiggs:*
Look how they Strut
Like Cock in a Rut
And they crow ſo merily merily.
But Oh! this Oxford, Oxford *Town!*
Our Clubs and Treats, will be run down
The Fleece, *the* Mitre, *we ſhall want*
The Caſtle *and the* Elephant!
Yet ſtill we live in hope
That we ſhall ſcape the Rope
And pull the Lawn ſleeves down,
If Honi Soit
Get not a Doit
'Till we're ſure that he's our own.

O brave Boys! O theſe Loyal *true Proteſtants*? they are men of mettal, and as true as ſteel to their Principles! 'Till they are ſure that He's *their own*; What's the meaning of that? Would they have the King be *Their* man, as once before at his requeſt he was the Lady *Jane Lanes*, when they ſent Him on their Errand from *Worceſter:* Or would they have him ſo much theirs as not to be his own man? That's to be out of his wits at their Service, as I am almoſt, to underſtand this admirable Tranſaction, Well! I'le run to the *Baptiſt* Oracle *Frank Smith*, he has been dip'd over head and ears, and can certainly tell me the Bottom on't.

Earn. What's the haſte, man, have you loſt a jeſt?

Jeſt. What. are you here again with your nine Eggs a Peny? I have been ſo haunted and toſticated with your confounded *Quertes* and *Scruples*, that I cannot Eat nor Drink but a *Quere* runs down my Throat; I cannot take a Dram of the Bottle, but a *Scruple* drops into it, I proteſt I dream *Queries*. I am juſt running to a State Water-caſter, to reſolve me a Horary Queſtion.

Earn. May I be ſo bold to ask you the Queſtion, What it is, it may be I may give you Satisfaction.

Jeſt. You look indeed as grum a Sir, as the graveſt State Conſcience Doctor of 'em all; Well, Riddle me Riddle me this; *Till we are ſure He's our own.*

Earn. Why look ye Sir, it is as plain as the Noſe on your Face. You muſt *Firſt*, know, that *We* and *Ours*, is to be conſtrued with a *Subintelligitur*, we old *Truly* Loyal Covenanting, Proteſting, Engaging, Abjuring, *Council-of-State-men*, with the *&c.* of the ſurviving Maſters and Aſſiſtants of the Company of Dutiful Subjects, that undertook to reskue King *Charles* the Firſt from the hands of his ſeducing evil Counſellours, and make him a moſt *Glorious* King, by adding to his other three Crowns, the fourth of Martyrdom. Secondly, *Our own*, is to be made *Engliſh* and Senſe by an old Rule of *Lily*'s Grammar, *Partim ſignorum ſunt combuſtæ, ſubaudi*, the Popiſh Guards; And for your better underſtanding of that, you muſt look backwards, and ſee how they made the late King their own, at *Holdenby*, *Carisbrook-Caſtle*, *Weſtminſter-hall*, and *Whitehall:* Firſt, the Psesbyterian *Scots* had him, if they could have kept him, but they ſold him, and then the *Independents* had him, but they were never ſure He was their own, till they had him in the little narrow wooden Palace at *Windſor-Caſtle*, and then they thought they were ſure and certain, that both He, and the Day was their own?

Jeſt. Deliver us then from being their own again! Sure theſe folk are *Hebrew Jews*, that their Language muſt be read backward.

Earn. The very ſame; they always begin with *Hoſanna*, but conclude with *Cruciſie him, Cruciſie him.*

Jeſt. You have wonderfully enlightned my underſtanding as a man may ſay: And ſince you are got into the Chair, pray good Mr. Doctor *Earneſt*, will you beſtow a little pains upon me, that I may be as wiſe as the reſt of my Neighbour *Woodcocks*, who run me down at the *Coffee-houſes*, and the ſix-penny Clubs, as if I were an Owl, I give 'em a *Query*, and they call me ſcurvy names, *Jeſuit*, *Papiſt*, *Tory*; and ſlap me over the mouth with their being the only True Proteſtants: They have got a Monopoly of all the *Trues* in *England*, for which I am reſolved to complain of them as the greateſt grievance of the Nation; And though I hate to be ſerious, yet betwixt you and me, I believe they intend to bring in *True Popery* and *True Slavery* among us?

Earn. Gueſs again and gueſs better if you can: And whether every man's being his own Pope be not *True Popery:* And to be at the will of the *Preſbyterians*, *Independents*, and the whole Herd of Schiſmaticks, as we were in the late Rebellion, be not *True Slavery?*

Jeſt. Would you could perſuade me to believe this, you might e'en perſuade me out of my Name too. Why, pray what do they mean when they ſay they are *true Proteſtants*, and *true Sons of the Church*, they have nothing in their mouths but the Church of *England*, and the Preſervation of the Government, and His Majeſties Perſon.

Earn. Come, I'le tell you how you ſhall choak all theſe lying Fellows with a Teſt of four words. Do but add to *True* Son of the Church, Religion or Government, *as now by Law Eſtabliſhed*, and you ſhall ſee what Faces they will make at it. I tell you that, *now by Law Eſtabliſhed*, is a Pill they cannot

ſwallow. There's the 35 of *Eliz.* and the *Oxford* Act about Corporations in it.

Jeſt. I marry Sir, theſe are ſwinging Spurgers indeed, a weak ſtomach'd Conſcience is not able to bear them. But they'l Petition them down they ſay, and what think you of that?

Earn. I thank you for that, ſweet Sir, you have a mind to draw me in for an *Abhorrer*. But I'le tell you a Story out of old Father *Lucian*, as merry a Gentleman as your ſelf. When the monſtrous *Briareus* the Giant with an hundred hands was born, *Jupiter* who, it ſeems, was no Fortune-teller himſelf, ſent for a *True Proteſtant Mercury*, to Erect a Scheme and Calculate his Nativity. No Father, quoth *Mercury*, There's no need of that, any Body may tell that ſo many hands cannot long be idle; And not long after they were for pulling *Jupiter* out of Heaven by the Ears, but he let fly one of his Canons charged with Thunderbolts, and knock'd him down into *Hell*, *the certain Deſtiny of all Rebels againſt Gods and Kings*.

Jeſt. Well, for my part, as well as I love it, I'le have a care of Jeſting with Edg-tools and Thunderbolts, I do not like going to old *Pluto* in jeſt, There's no *Habeas Corpus* to be had to remove a man out of his Cuſtody. Come Dear Brother, let's talk no more of Love, let's go a Squirril-Hunting for more *Queries*, or play at Bob-Jeſt, or any thing, rather than this Sport, I'le ſwear my Peruke's ready to hop off my Head at it.

Earn. Well, Sir, here they are at your Service.

Jeſt. At hand, quoth Pick-pocket, I proteſt, what my Maſters, it is but a word and a blow, I ſee.

Quere 1. Whether the *Good Old Cauſe* be not Riſen from the Dead, that ſhe may for the good of the Nation be buried in Woollen and not in Oblivion?

II. Whether he was not an unhappy Wagg that in the times of the late Rebellion painted the Parliament Houſe with the Traytors Head upon it, and writ underneath this Prophetick Motto, *Et extra & intra*, Inſide and outſide both alike: Some of thoſe Traytors Heads who were ſo hot then within it, being afterwards cooled by being ſet on the top of it: And whether thoſe empty ſculls do not give better counſel to others than they took themſelves, when they had all their brains?

III. Whether Q. *Eliz.* and the Parliament that made the Statute of the 35. of Her Reign, were *True Proteſtants*, or whether they muſt not be roaſted as *Abhorrers* the next ſeventeenth of *November?*

IV. Whether that Countrey fellow was not ſcurvily cheated who was twice drawn thorow the ſame Horſe-pool with a Cat and Cart-rope?

V. Whether therefore the certain way to be cheated twice in the ſame misfortunes from which we were ſo lately reskued by a Miracle, be not to truſt thoſe who have cheated us into them by the ſame tricks once before?

VI. Whether taking ſo much *Mercury* ſo ill prepared by the Quacks of *Goatham*-Colledg, is not the reaſon why ſo many People are troubled with Ulcers in their Mouths, and a continual Salivation of Sedition?

VII. Whether ever *Proteſtant Diſſenters* ſubverted the Government both in Church and State; or whether there was ever ſuch a thing as a Common-Wealth, or rather a Common-Wo of them in *England?* Whether People went then upon their own heads inſtead of their feet; and whether the Saints will ever endeavour to do the ſame again?

VIII. Whether *Abbington*-Law exerciſed by Major General *Brown* firſt to hang a man and then try him, was not for the Liberty of the Subject, and the preſervation of the Fundamental Laws, and *Magna Charta?*

IX. Whether they who now take the Inſolent Liberty to make a Property of his Grace the *D.* of *M.* do not intend to ſerve him as they did Liberty and Property in the late Rebellious Reformation, which were the two firſt things which they cryed up, and the two firſt things which they pulled down?

X. Whether if two to one be odds at Football, he who hath both Law and Goſpel on his ſide, be not in a better condition than ſome people would have him?

XI. Whether *Mercuries Boot-catcher*, who writes the *Advice from Parnaſſus*, did not come home drunk from a Wedding of Wildgeeſe, when he had been the Piper, when he miſtook the grey coats, who were ſent Poſt with the printed Letter, and the Book of Directions for foreſtalling all the Freeholders in *England*, in the enſuing Elections, to be Black coats and Parſons?

XII. Whether the true Reaſon why Diſſenters hate the *Liturgy*, be not becauſe they cannot pray *From all Errour, Hereſie and Schiſm, from all Sedition, Privy Conſpiracy and Rebellion, Good Lord deliver us.*

Jeſt. Well, ſo much by the way of *Query*, honeſt Brother *Earneſt*, I have appointed an aſſignation with the merry Wives of *Windſor*, and therefore beg your pardon.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

IF *any Proteſtant Diſſenter deſire this Spring-time to be furniſhed with* Sedition Seeds, *or the true Proteſtant* Rue, *which they call* Herb of Grace, *or any hopeful Plants of Rebellion, let them repair to the ſo famous* French *Gardiners, Monſieur* F. Smith, *Mſr.* L. Curtis, *and Mſr.* B. Harris, *where they may have not only of all the kinds which grew in the Garden of the late keepers of the Liberty of* England; *but much new variety raiſed by the Art and Induſtry of the ſaid Gardiners, with Directions in print when to ſow them, and how to cultivate them when they are raiſed.*

You may alſo have there either green or pickled Sallets of Rumors and Reports, far more grateful to the Palate or over a Glaſs of Wine, than your French Champignons *or* Muſhrooms; Popiſh Olives, *or* Eaſtland Gerkins.

There is now in the Preſs, a Diſcourſe of the late Blaſing Star, by the famous Italian *Aſtrologer* Segnior Paolo Giovanni Teleſcopio, *for which he lies at this time under the Inquiſition at* Rome, *wherein he ſhews that the downfall of the Pope, the Presbyterians, and other Schiſmaticks is at hand, And that after men of turbulent Principles who will endeavour to make alterations in Religion and the Government of States and Kingdoms, teaching the abominable Doctrines of Jeſuits & Whiggs, that it is lawful to Excommunicate, Depoſe and Murder Lawful Kings, are quelled and ſubdued, there will be a time of wondrous Peace and Happineſs in the World.*

London, Printed for *B. Tooke.* 1681.